

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Revelation 33½ Revolutions"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Revelation, revelation...

*[Flavor Flav]*

Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know  
Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations)  
Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands)  
Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G  
Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future

We are approachin with to be Earth's last battle  
The war fever's on the rise  
The lives of many are in the hands of fate  
Armageddon is the destiny we await  
In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate  
Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense  
I hear the bombs of time tickin  
As the smoke of fear thickens in the air  
I cock my glock and give thanks  
For the peace that will exist, when this war is over  
Revolutions, revelations will be revealed  
Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

*[Chuck D]*

When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit  
Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit  
Harder than time and convicts  
Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark  
twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it  
Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts  
Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets  
Twisted politics, high speed chases  
on the races, locked down places  
Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges  
set to show off in the blazes  
Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages  
Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages  
And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor  
Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure  
Revisited, hear the shorties be quizzin it  
Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats  
I dwell on all the black males doin time  
And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime  
Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits  
Spread like cancer on tracks that hit  
Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song

Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan  
Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon  
Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon  
Through the New World order I'ma carry on  
Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on  
More than wack videos in a dance song  
If you don't believe it so long and so on  
So on, prove the player haters so wrong  
I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah  
My militant mind stay guerrilla zone  
Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone  
Get ya home with a honeycomb  
Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome  
Once again in Terrordome I'll show em  
My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems  
Got the facts and rewrote them  
2001, 2002, what's it gonna do?  
What's it gonna do, gonna do?

*[Chorus: Chuck D]*

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions  
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin  
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions  
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin  
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions  
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab  
Small pox created in the lab  
Beats too marks created on the AB  
The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight  
we gonna take down the head of state  
and demonstrate non-stop resistance  
It is time, time for a drastic change.  
Time to retaliate and wake up  
I've had enough, enough of the lies  
enough of the destruction, information and corruption's.  
False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble?  
And I won't stop no, no  
No more violence, no, no, no more induses  
and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back  
Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing.  
And I'll attack and I won't hold back  
I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you  
until the truth is told  
You can keep your man-made diseases  
and your welfare reform, housing projects  
penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me  
Nothin can stop us, not even death [echoes]

*[Chorus: Chuck D]*

